And from her wombe children of divers kind
We ſucking on her naturall boſome find:
Many for many vertues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In plants, hearbs, ſtones, and their true qualities:
For nought ſo vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth give:
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that faire uſe,
Revolts from true birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſ-appli'd,
And vice ſometime by action dignifi'd.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyſon hath reſidence, and Medicine power:
For this being ſmelt with that part, cheares each part;
Being taſted ſlayes all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encamp them ſtill
In man as well as hearbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates up that plant.

Rom. Good morrow father.

Fri. Benedicite:
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young ſonne it argues a diſtemper'd head,
So ſoone to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye,
And where care lodges ſleepe will never lye:
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft braine,
Doth couch his limbes, there golden ſleep doth reign,
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art uprous'd with ſome diſtemp'rature:
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin, waſt thou with *Roſaline?*

Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father, no,

I have forgot that na
Fri. That's my go
Rom. I'le tell thee
I have been feaſting
Where on a ſudden
That's by me wounde
Within thy helpe an
I beare no hatred bl
My interceſſion like
Fri. Be plaine go
Ridling confeſſion f
Rom. Then plainl
On the faire daught
As mine on hers, ſo
And all combin'd, f
By holy marriage:
We met, we woo'd
I'le tell thee as we p
That thou conſent t
Fri. Holy S. *Fra*
Is *Roſaline*, whom
So ſoone forſaken?
Not truely in their
Jeſu Maria! what
Hath waſht thy ſal
How much ſalt wat
To ſeaſon love that
The ſun not yet thy
Thy old groanes ye
Lo here upon thy
Of an old teare tha
If ere thou waſt th
Thou and theſe wo
And art thou chan
Women may fall,
Rom. Thou chi
Fri. For doatin